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ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Reports-

ORCHESTRA QUARTET: RANDED SONG

ANNOUNCER: Our National Forests are the home and fence of much of our remaining big game. Under the guardianship of the U. S. Forest Service, in cooperation with the State game departments, the big game animals in our National Forests have been considerably increasing for many years. Through sound game management, Uncle Sam's Forest Reports are working to develop and maintain the game and wildlife resources of the National Forests to the fullest possible extent that the ranges will support. Foresters cooperate in the game laws, and cooperation with the people in conservation and utilization of the animals, on the other hand.

Up on the Pike Peak District, Ranger Jim Robbins has received word that the elk are in danger of starving due to heavy winter conditions on the slopes of Mount Elbert at the east end of the National Forest. Yesterday, Ranger Jim called on Game Warden Peterson and they decided to make an investigation of the range. The Game Warden and Ranger Jim and Jerry at Sawatch camped last night, and this morning we find the three men starting out on foot all trip into the mountains. RRRR RRRR RRRR

JIM: Well boss, we've got a long trip ahead of us today but it looks like the sailing oughta be pretty good.

JERRY: Yeah. The snow's just right but it's a long climb up to where the elk are wintering.

JIM: Say, Pete, do you think you can make the trip to the top of that mountain and back with those old horse-dance skis and without any ski poles?

PETE: Well Jim, I'll admit I'd rather have a good pair of poles than all the skis they ever made. Just the same I've been in those hills a long time and I never played out yet. Even when I had to keep up with a Forest Ranger.

JIM: Well I guess you're there with the old handaxe, all right Pete, but when it comes to doing the hard thing is to see that you've got the right equipment. But equipment and being you care more than anything I know of.

PETE: Well, old man, don't worry — I'll be right with you when you come in tonight.

JERRY: Say, Pete, let us have that long telescope of yours with you. I want to look over those places over there and see if I can locate any elk signs.

PETE: All right, Jerry, here she is. If there's any elk there you can sure see 'em with this stuff. I stood on a peak once with that glass and spotted a cow hunting trout-like a good five miles away. I could tell the horns at that distance, now — And I knew from that just who she was.

JERRY: She sure is a good glass, Pete. — I can see fresh elk tracks on that old brush slope just north of Charlie Mountain.

JIM: The road is a good place, Jerry. There's a good old place here.

JERRY: Well, if you don't believe it, take a look at the road.

JIM: Let's see - well - yes, you're right. Jerry, I am sure there's
on that hill, all right. Nothing else but the world's great
there this time of year.

PETE: Let's go on our way, Jim. It's a long ride up there.

JIM: Oh yes.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: (SINGING) What you're saying to me about Pete? He's
wasn't one of the first for the next steep descent.

PETE: I don't notice you breathing so easy yourself. — There's nothing
like a slip back about as fast as you can get on the steep
slopes. I can see now where those dogged boys have been in
this climbing business.

JIM: Yes, — and with these shorter hills it can be done up the
pinneyer places while you have it with long ridges.

PETE: Well, there's a lot of pay in the old way yet, so lead on!

JIM: Come on.

(PAUSE)

JIM: Say, did you ever see the mountains more beautiful than right
now? Look how the sun glimmers on those snow peaks.

JERRY: It sure is great, — and the air sure suits the lead to you up
here, too. It's too bad those city people can't get out in the
mountains this time of year.

JIM: Yes, — Well, Pete, when we make the next ridge we ought to
be in sight of the city.

PETE: But now, I think we'll take a look at the country a little longer. Now, I'm telling you, next time I meet you Forest, we'll be going to some good timberland.

JIM: (SIGHING) Okay, now, we'll pull you along on a line.

PETE: No you won't either.

JIMMY: Look how the elk have taken the back off the quarter horse. They must be getting really hungry.

JIM: Top. In the old days, there was plenty of grass for the elk. The deer were the forest monarchs, but since the grazing was so good, the deer had become the forest king. All the deer on the mountain were dead.

PETE: Is it a good year for the forest? I mean, the deer are the forest monarchs and the deer are the forest king. There's always a heavy winter loss of elk in the deep snow. Last winter I found five dead elk in the snow.

JIM: That's right, Pete. Without good winter range we can't have so much of the old forest now, but we can have a good forest that'll help us. — Come on, let's move on. — We should be running into some elk and deer, like now.

PETE: All right.

JIM: Pete, wouldn't it be a good idea to let's say we'll suppose you control the hill and I will go over the top. We'll meet you at the fork of the creek.

PETE: Okay, Jim.

(PAUSE)

JIM: (SUFFS) Whew! That was a little pitch over was a killer, Jim. But we're on top now.

JERRY: Yeah -- and look some more on the slope under me. Pete jumped away bunch of air -- look at the slope fill it through the snow.

JIM: They need to have plenty of strength. That snow must be at least five feet deep. --

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: Watch that going trail in the lead breaking snow. Be'll jump to one side pretty soon and let another one take the lead. -- See where he goes out now, and that his way is taking her back on trail-breaking. Funny how they know how to do it. Do you suppose they learn from experience?

JERRY: Looks like it.

JIM: How many do you make for the bunch, Jerry?

JERRY: I counted up to 96 head and here come five more over in the rear. That makes 100 head. -- I bet the reporter will be picking the bones of those last ones before the end of March.

PAUL: (WAY OFF, CALLS) Hey, Jim.

JIM: Listen. There's Pete calling down there. Let's come down and see what's the matter.

JERRY: Come on -- (GOASTING) Whoops! -- (BREATHES) Oh boy! -- (STOPPING) Hello, Pete! Hey, did you see me come down that slope? -- Yeah, that was the fastest slide I ever took. I bet I was making 80 miles an hour. -- Hey, where's Jim?

PAUL: (LAUGHING) There he is, picking himself out of that snowbank. I bet he got enough snow down his neck to start an ice cream factory.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) He sure took a bender.

PETE: Well, anyway I won't be leaving my picture in the snow banks like some folks I know

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Never mind

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: Well, guys, here we are at the camp

JERRY: Yeah - yeah, I'm hungry enough to eat a T-bone out of a steak

JIM: Well, Pete, I sure gotta give you credit for endurance. If I'd had your outfit I'd have been up there yet. - How many head of elk did you see, Jerry?

JERRY: I saw three more bands with a total of 30 head and Pete counted 65 more

JIM: Well, I made a circle up near the Hunterman Mountains and counted 35. So that makes a total of -- let's see -- 115 head in this range. -

PETE: Well, from what we saw today I think our elk are going to winter through OK.

JIM: Yep, there'll be some loss, but if we don't get some bad spring storms they'll pull through even if there isn't much besides quaker hark and oak brush. I wonder if it wouldn't be practical to trail-also in some oil cake if there's more hard storms

PETE: I don't know if they'd eat it or not but it'd be worth trying out. It's about the only kind of feed that you could get in 'em

JIM: Yep -- Well, come on, Pete, let's call on the boys -- (SINGS)
Hi there - anybody home?

(DOOR OPENS)

FOREMAN: (CHUCKLING) You're right there, Jim. We like 'em. If we didn't, we might fill one of the old bulls up by the rear yard.

JIM: I guess that's right. I'll keep an eye on you boys along in October. — Say Pollard, where's Bill Latham?

FOREMAN: He's around somewhere. He was here a while ago. Why?

JIM: Oh, I thought I saw 'im here when I came in, that's all.

FOREMAN: I reckon he's around somewhere. — Well, Jim, if you want, count my cattle as' see if I come under the wire on permit numbers. I'll keep an extra horse in the barn tonight. You can roll into them bunks when you get sleepy.

JIM: Okay, Pollard, we'll count you out and I'd like to get through early, 'cause I'm due back in town tomorrow night.
(GRUNTS) By George, it feels pretty good to take the load off your feet.

JERRY: (HALF-WHISPER) Say, Jim — about that elk killing — I think I've got it pegged out. Did you notice the way that new puncher of Pollard's — that fellow Latham — sorta sneaked out just after we started talking about the killing?

JIM: Yep, I noticed it. That's why I asked 'em where he was. — I think your hunch is a good one, Jerry. If Latham killed that elk maybe he'll still have the teeth on 'im. Want us you check Pete?

PETE: Yeah, but he ain't got any authority to search in, just on suspicion, you know, Jim.

LATHAM: That's all that is.

JIM: (SINGINGLY) Look here Latham. The game warden was in with us in the high country today and we ran into a little elk killing. I have reason to believe you had the boy that did it.

LATHAM: (SINGS) See you're got an all wrong track singer. I don't know nothing about it.

JIM: Now? What's that you're holding back under your punch under your thumb?

LATHAM: Nothing!

JIM: You're not holding back a pair of elk teeth in the bottom of the sack are you?

FOREMAN: Lather give that punch. Lather give 'em a shake.

LATHAM: Mr. My Father's name. I don't know nothing about it.

FOREMAN: Give that punch -- yes sir by gum you're right. Jim there's yer elk teeth.

LATHAM: Well -- I -- I guess I gotta live up to it -- I shouldn't've killed that elk. I know, but

JIM: But you did, eh Latham? Well -- there wasn't much evidence but seeing as he's owed up to it, I guess he's your man. Tell that Game Warden, tell Jim along an' all. Anybody that works on this ranch has got to play square with the Rangers. You got that boy?

VOICES: Yes, before -- yes sir (SING)

